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CORTEZ;
OR,

The Conquest of Mexico.

A HISTORICAL DRAMA.

In Three Acts.

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

PR 5187
.P2 A65
Copy 1

—000—
BY J. R. PLANCHE,

Author of "All in the Dark," "Maid Marian," &c.

—000—

THE MUSIC BY HENRY R. BISHOP, ESQ.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PR 5187
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SPANIARDS.

Herdinando Cortez,	.	.	Mr. Cooper.
Gonzalez de Sandoval,			— Isaacs.
Pedro de Alvarado,			— Taylor.
Velasquez de Leon,		his prin-	— Comer.
Diego de Ordaz,		cipal	— Horrebow.
Juan de Esculante,		officers,	— Heath.
Christoval de Olid,			— Tinney.
Francisco de Lurgo,			— Pyne.
Antonio, page to Cortez,			Mas. Longhurst.
Sancho, farrier to the Forces,			Mr. Fawcett.

Officers, Soldiers, &c.

MEXICANS.

Montezuma, Emperor of Mexico,	Mr. Baker.
Teutile,	{ Ambassadors to Cortez
Cuitalpitoc,	{ from the Emperor,
Teluxo,	.
High Priest of the great Temple of Cholua,	— Atkins.
Marina, sister of Teluxo, but in the service of the Spaniards, and attached to Cortez,	Miss Love.
Priests of Cholula and Mexico, Servants of the Temple, Nobles, Warriors, &c.	

TLASCALANS.

Maxicazin, Cacique of Tlascala, an independent state at war with Mexico,	Mr. Chapman.
Xocotzin,	— T.P. Cooke.
Acacix,	His Sons,
Amazitli, beloved by Acacix and Xocotzin,	Miss Paton.
	Warriors, &c. &c.

CORTEZ.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Spanish Encampment near St. Juan de Ulua, on one side the tent of Cortez, with his standard planted before it, bearing a cross, with this inscription : “ Let us follow the cross, for under this sign we shall conquer ; ” woods in the back ground, through which is visible the sea.

Enter VELASQUEZ DE LEON, DIEGO DE ORDAZ, PEDRO DE ALVARADO, and the Spanish soldiery.

Chorus. Spaniards.

Haste, let us leave this fatal shore !
On board, on board, while yet we may !
Welcome the Ocean’s wildest roar,
So that we bound its billows o’er,
Upon our homeward way !

Solo. Francisco entering.

Clouds of foes around us press—
Foes, to desperation driven !
Like their locusts, numberless,
And dark’ning Earth as they do Heaven !

Chorus. Spaniards.

Haste, let us leave, &c.

Enter Sancho.

San. Aye, aye, comrades, on board immediately, and away back to Cuba-- Cortez promised us gold for the gathering---dainty gathering, truly ! marry, an’ I am to purchase booty at the expense of my brains—

Dieg. 'Twill cost thee next to nothing, friend Sancho ; but silence, and let us hear the noble Leon !

Velas. Countrymen, fellow soldiers, Cortez has deceived us. Must we be sacrificed to his ambition and imprudence ! What can such a handful of men effect against millions ? Let us entreat him to return to Cuba !

San. Entreat him ? compel him, I say !

All. Aye, aye ; compel him ! compel him !

Dieg. Nay, we will remonstrate first--if arguments avail not, we can take stronger measures.

San. Stronger measures ! let's tell him to his face, that—

Velas. Yonder he comes !

San. The devil he does ! gentlemen, comrades, had we not better retire and---and---

Dieg. Nay, man, 'twere a good opportunity to tell him to his face.

San. By the Mass, so it were ; but I would not for forty pesos that he should see me here, and his horse ungroom'd yet—there are but sixteen, you know, in the whole army, I'll be back anon—poor beast ! he's been cool this half hour ! I'll be back anon, comrades. [Sancho slinks out.]

Diego aside to Velasquez. That dastard has infected all our friends, let us be sudden, Velasquez, ere they fall off from us.

Velasquez aside to Diego. Nay, let us rather tarry till we can infuse new spirit into them, leave them to me. [aloud] Friends ! on this step depend our lives and fortunes ; let us take it firmly, but not rashly ; it is my advice we await the effect of Montezuma's embassy ; meanwhile, I'll urge our danger throughout the camp ; meet me at night-fall on the beach yonder, fear nothing, to-morrow we sail for Cuba ! Ordaz, come thou with me.

[*Exeunt Velasquez and Diego—soldiers disperse among the tents.*]

Enter CORTEZ and GONZALEZ DE SANDOVAL.

Cor. They were Chempoallans ; I have seen their

Cazique, he solicits our friendship, and complains bitterly of this Montezuma's tyranny.

Sand. I have been anxiously awaiting your return; the soldiery murmur, and there are evidently spirits at work to feed their discontent; should they break out into open mutiny, what can you oppose to their numbers and determination?

Cor. My courage and my will; Sandoval, I fear them not, Saint Peter is my patron, the holy cross our banner; I will plant it in triumph, amid the ruins of idolatry; I will overturn yonder horrible altars, red with the blood of human victims, my cause is that of glory and the true faith; I can die in it, but never tremble.

Sand. Enough, there is another peril, of which I would warn you, Marina, your Indian slave, the gift of the Tabascans.

Cor. What of her?

Sand. Her youth, her beauty.

Cor. Have touched my heart, I confess it—call you that a peril? Sandoval, I swear to you, I look upon the chance which gave Marina to me, as a visible interposition of providence in my favour; her knowledge of the various languages, spoken in this new-found world, facilitates our intercourse with its inhabitants, her intelligence foresees each danger, her attachment and courage assist us to meet and overcome it; Marina is my interpreter, my guide, my guardian angel. Fear not, my friend, that aught can turn me from the path of duty. Glory is ever the goal of my wishes. Love, the star that cheers and lights me on my way. Marina comes, leave us, Sandoval, and see every thing prepared according to my instructions for the reception of Montezuma's embassy.

[*Exit Sandoval.*

Enter MARINA.

Mari. O, my good lord, I've sought you throughout the camp. The Tlascalans have resolved on war; they discredit your professions, and conclude

from your proposal of visiting Montezuma, in his capital, that you court the friendship of that monarch, whom they both hate and fear. Beware, dear master, they are a fierce and warlike people, and should you fall into their power—

Cor. Fear not for me, sweet Marina; but take heed for thine own sake. Should thy zeal in my service exasperate thy countrymen, and the chance of battle place thee in their hands, death, a horrible tormenting death, will be the recompense of thy devotion!

Mari. And for whom would I die so cheerfully as for Cortez! my lord! my love!

Song. MARINA.

O, there's a mountain-palm that nigh
My childhood's haunt doth grow,
Whose boughs and leaves to the passing eye,
As fans and lances show!
And like that well remember'd tree
Would I be, still to bear
A shade—a shelter, love, for thee—
And for thy foes—a spear!

Re-enter SANDOVAL.

Sand. The embassy approaches, their wild march mingles with the breeze; and as the dusky multitudes swarm down the distant hill, their countless and many-coloured plumes, glancing in the bright rays of the morning sun, show like a flight of tropic birds. Teutile and Cuitalpitoc, the military and civil officers of this province, are the chiefs deputed by the Emperor, to bear to us his presents and his will. They are accompanied by a renowned young warrior, named Teluxo.

Mari. Teluxo! shield me heaven! my brother!

Cor. Thy brother! a happy omen; Marina's brother must be the friend of Cortez.

Mari. Believe it not; you are ignorant of the particulars of my sad story; a few words will suffice to show you what cause I have for fear. My

father was a feudatory of the crown of Mexico, and lord of several places ; on his decease my mother married another noble, by whom she had a son. The love they bore this fruit of their union, induced them to pretend my death, that the inheritance might descend to Teluxo. They sold me—my mother sold me ! to some travelling merchants, who again parted with me to the Tabascans, from whose Cazique I was transferred to you. Should it be known—

Cer. Dismiss your fears, your secret is safe with us, and recognized by person you cannot be, after so long a separation. (*Mexican march without piano.*) Hark, they come ; dear Marina ! this agitation—

Mari. Your pardon, I will to my tent, I am not needed here, and feel my very emotion would betray me. [Exit Cortez into his tent.

Round. MARINA, SANDOVAL, FRANCISCO, ALVARADO, &c.
Marina.

Yes, 'tis the Indian drum,—
The woods and rocks around
Echo the wild and warlike sound,
They come ! they come ! they come !

Sandoval.

Hark ! 'tis the Indian drum ! &c.
The woods, &c.

Francisco and Alvarado, entering.
Hark ! tis the Indian drum ! &c.

[Exit *Marina*, &c.

[*March forte*, the curtains of CORTEZ' tent are undrawn, and he appears seated on a chair of state, surrounded by his officers, VELASQUEZ DE LEON, DIEGO DE ORDAZ, PEDRO DE ALVARADO, JUAN DE ESCULANTE, &c. SANDOVAL joins them. Enter TEUTILE, CUITALPITOC, TELUXO and Mexicans, male and female, the men bearing the presents of Montezuma, consisting of fine cotton clothes, plumes of various colours, ornaments of gold and silver, particularly a large circular plate of each metal, representing the sun and moon also ; boxes containing precious stones, pearls, and grains of gold unwrought, &c. The women with garlands and palm branches.

Teutile to Cortez. Stranger, whom the waves have wafted from some unknown region to these shores, the mighty and magnificent Montezuma sends you, greeting, and hath commanded us to inquire what are your intentions in visiting his dominions, and to offer such assistance as you may stand in need of, to enable you to continue your voyage.

Cor. Chieftain, my voyage is ended ; I come as ambassador from Don Carlos of Austuria, King of Castile, the greatest Monarch of the East, and am entrusted with propositions of such moment that I can impart them to none but the Emperor Montezuma himself. I have therefore to request you will conduct me, without loss of time, into the presence of your master.

Tel. How ! presumptuous mortal ! know you what you ask ? accept, with grateful thanks, the proffered assistance of our illustrious sovereign, and begone !

Cui. Abandon, O stranger, the rash design ; provoke not the anger of a monarch whose power is exceeded only by that of the gods, and whose munificence may best be known from these presents, which we, his humble slaves, are instructed to deposit at your feet. (*to Mexicans.*) Approach !

Mexican march resumed. *The bearers of the presents approach, and offer them to Cortez and his officers.* The latter receive them eagerly, Cortez descends from his chair.

Cor. I receive with thanks and reverence these tokens of Montezuma's friendship, and request his acceptance in return of these productions of our Eastern arts.

Spanish march. At a sign from Cortez, the Spaniards advance and distribute among the Indians glass necklaces, and trinkets of various descriptions, and present the Caziques with a helmet and breast-plate of steel, and a magnificent sword, for the emperor.

Tel. taking the sword. This, then, is the stranger's

gift to Mexico ! an ominous offering ! Should he hereafter behold it flashing in the right hand of an incensed monarch, let him remember that he placed it there.

Teu. Our hope is otherwise. Mexicans ! welcome, with your native dances, these unknown warriors.

Dance of Mexican women.

During which the Spaniards express by action their admiration, and at the conclusion mingle delightedly with the groupe. Cortez comes hastily forwards with Sandoval.

Cor. aside to him. Sandoval, this must not be, we must break off such dangerous intimacy. (*whispers him*) away ! (*exit Sandoval.*) Mexicans ! it is now my turn to entertain ; come, you shall witness our Spanish mode of salutation. (*to his officers*) Gentlemen ! to arms. [*exeunt officers.*

The drums beat and the trumpets sound. The Spanish soldiers quit the Mexican women and form in line, thirteen are armed with muskets, the rest with cross-bows and swords and spears.

Cor. March !

Spanish march. The troops go through a few evolutions, then halting at the command of Cortez, the cavalry enter at full gallop, form, and the whole present arms. The Mexicans are lost in astonishment and terror.

Chorus. Mexicans.

O, sight of wonder ! sight of fear !

What monsters to our eyes appear ?

Half men, half beasts. The earth, with dread,
Trembles, beneath their thundering tread !

The Spanish infantry discharge their muskets in the air, which completes the alarm of the Mexicans, who fly in disorder from the scene, with the exception of the two Caziques and Teluxo.

Tel. Daemon or sorceror ! whose art can raise such monsters, and at whose will the lightning flashes, and the thunder rolls ; wonderful and terrible as

thou art, Teluxo fears thee not! The guardian divinities of Mexico will avenge this mockery of their power! Fly from their wrath, while yet thou mayest; Fly, ere their invincible servants, Montezuma and his countless warriors, are compelled to propitiate them with thy blood, and that of thy presumptuous followers.

Cor. I have already declared my intention of conferring personally with your Emperor, and am not to be moved from my purpose by these wild menaces. Threats are for the most part the effect of fear. Go, tell Montezuma Cortez cannot, without dishonour, return to his sovereign until admitted into the presence of that prince he is appointed to visit in his name. Away to Mexico: here will we await his answer

March—Exeunt Teluxo and Caziques—movement of horse and infantry—Picture—Scene closes.

SCENE II. *Landscape near Tlascala—A hut built with turf and stone, and thatched with reeds.—Sunset.*

Enter AMAZITLI followed by ACACIX—the latter armed with hunting weapons, and bearing a small net, in which are birds, strings of eggs, &c.

Duet. ACACIX and AMAZITLI.
Acacix.

Stay, Amazitli, stay for thee,
I've sealed the cliff, that o'er the sea
Hangs beetling, like a warrior's crest,
And robb'd the fierce ring-eagle's nest.
Behold, her polish'd eggs I bear,
And many a bird of plumage rare,
Which my good shafts have slain to-day,
At Amazitli's feet to lay!

Amazitli.

Oh, not for me—oh, not for me,
Bring thou the spoils of rock and tree,
Bear them to one who can return
The love which in thy breast may burn,

Sooner that beetling cliff shall bow
 To the dark waves that round it flow,
 And its fierce tenant with the dove
 Repose ; than Amazitli love !

Both.

Go hunter, go ; through the wood, by the fountain
 Watch for the wild bird and follow the hare ;
 But free as the white stag that ranges the moun-
 tain—
 Still { shall my } heart be from wound or from
 { will her } snare !

Aca. Well, maiden, I have at least this consolation, that though you reject my presents and my love, it is not in favour of another.

Ama. Oh, no ! of that assure yourself ; I have no preference, you are all alike. I could as soon love a crocodile as any of you, for then I should know pretty well what I had to trust to ; for my part, I think a man very similar to a crocodile ; all whine and whimper till he gets one into his power, and then, mercy on us ! what a snappish wretch he is, to say the best of him. Yonder comes another of the species.

Aca. My brother, Xocotzin !

Ama. Aye, a scarcely distinguishable variety. A shade less of the hypocrite, with a touch more of the monster. Farewell, Acacix — nay, detain me not. Heaven help me ! a pretty situation I should be in between the two, indeed !

“ Go, hunter go ; through the wood, by the foun-
 tain.”

[Exit into hut, singing.

Aea. Perplexing, yet fascinating creature ! Alas, that so exquisite a form should bear within it so insensible a heart !

Song.—ACACIX.

Sweet as the breath of burning pine,
 Or copal gum on holy shrine,

And graceful as the flow'r that sheds
 From out her cup her balmy threads,
 And on the gale of evening streams,
 In crimson pride, like sunset gleams !
 But Ah ! 'tis hopeless—Ah ! 'tis weak
 Within this burning zone to seek
 Aught that I might an emblem hold
 Of maid so lovely and so cold !
 Unless the flinty sword be one,
 Which waketh fire, but feeleth none !

Enter Xocotzin.

Xoc. How now, Acacix ! Wherefore do I find you so near the dwelling of my love ?

Aca. Because 'tis near the dwelling of my love, brother.

Xoc. Your love ! Whom mean you ? Beware, Acacix !

Aca. Beware ! Of what ?

Xoc. You mean not Amazitli ! say—say you do not, and we are brothers still.

Aca. I see not why my meaning her should make us otherwise, but if it must, the die is cast ; I do mean Amazitli—I adore her !

Xoc. Tis—tis fit that all men should—but—good Acacix I—I am calm still—remember—I am your elder brother.

Aca. I dispute it not ; but what has eldership to do with love ?

Xoc. Boy, from her birth my soul has been her slave. This heart received the first wounds that she dealt. I watched the early glories of her eyes, as men watch for the day break ! Boy ! I ask you, will you forego your suit ?

Aca. Never !

Xoc. Then thus I break all ties of blood betwixt us—Defend thy life.

Aca. Aye, brother, and my love.

They fight. AMAZITLI opens the door of her hut, shrieks, and runs between them.

Ama. Madmen ! what would you do ?

Xoc. Win you or perish.

Ama. Win me ! and this is the way you think to do it ! Upon my word, young men ! do you take me for a basket of pines, or a plume of feathers, that I am to be won by sword-play, like a prize at a festival ? I don't intend to have either of you, but certainly not him who shall be stained with the blood of his brother. Fie, fie, for shame !

Xoc. Let him renounce you then ; I loved you first.

Aca. And therefore scarcely love so well as I, whose passion is of fresher and stronger growth.

Xoc. Still you forget my birth.

Aca. No, that's impossible ; you will not let me.

Xoc. Taunted ! Amazitli, witness how I love thee ; I hear him, yet he lives !

Ama. No more, no more. If you would flesh your weapons, there are foes enough, and foreign ones, to turn them on ; foes worthy of the wrath of such brave warriors ; these bearded white men, who come in floating palaces across the seas, and fight in storms of their own making ; and if I am to be won by the sword, 'tis the hero who shall stem the tide of battle ; the preserver of his country ! not the murderer of his brother, who shall wed with Amazitli !

Aca. Say that it shall be so, I ask no fairer chance.

Xoc. Nor I, by all our gods !

Ama. I've said too much already. Look, where your father and our chief warriors return from the sacrifice.

Enter MAXICAZIN and Tlascalan warriors armed, and bearing their standard, a golden eagle, with wings expanded.

Max. My brave boys, well encountered. No more hunting excursions ; you must now chase nobler game. A powerful and foreign enemy threatens us ; our priests have declared these bearded strangers to be offsprings of the sun, and invincible during the day, while they are cherished by the influence of

his paternal beams. We must, therefore, attack them by night, when, deprived of his reviving heat, they droop like flowers of the field, and become vulnerable men. Their parent orb is even now about to set; with the clouds of night will we rush upon their encampment.

Solo and Chorus. AMAZITLI and Tlascalans.

Tlascalans! your standard is raised for the fight,
Your eagle is spreading his pinions so bright,
Beneath their broad shadow remember how well
Our forefathers fought, and how bravely they fell.

Then sing we the war song, and dance the war
dance,
And point the true arrow, and poise the long lance.
Our altars with blood of the stranger shall reek.
And our banquet be borne from the zopilot's beak!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.—*The harbour of Villa Rica de la Vera Crutz. Spanish fleet at anchor. Moonlight.*

Enter MARINA, hastily.

Mar. The minions of the governor of Cuba have succeeded in exciting the troops to a revolt. The camp is in confusion. Should the Tlascalans select this moment for assaulting us, all is lost! Ha, the mutineers approach; let me hasten to find Cortez, and inform him of his danger. [*exit Marina.*]

Enter Spanish soldiery tumultuously, led by VELASQUEZ DE LEON, DIEGO DE ORDAZ, SANCHO, ALVARADO, CHRISTOVAL, and FRANCISCO.

Vel. This way, this way! He shall hear our determination, and then—

San. What's the use of his hearing what he's sure to disapprove; I've been thinking of it all day, you'll only put him into a passion, and you know what a devil he is when provoked. Why not go

quietly on board, and leave him to follow his own inclinations?

Die. Peace, coward!

San. That's exactly what I say; peace, by all means; and the best way to keep the peace would be to adopt my plan. I perfectly agree with our old Spanish proverb, "The best remedy against an ill man is much ground between both."

Vel. He comes! he comes! Shout, friends! To Cuba! to Cuba!

All. To Cuba! to Cuba!

Enter CORTEZ, SANDOVAL, JUAN DE ESCULANTE, and officers, one bearing the standard of CORTEZ.

Cor. How now, my countrymen! What means this confusion? What would you do?

Die. Return to Cuba. Your forces are unequal to the attempt you would make. Flight alone can save us from utter destruction. I speak in the name of the whole army.

Cor. 'Tis false! thou dost but utter the suggestions of thine own craven heart! traitor and coward! Now, by my patron Saint, did I not shame to stain my honest sword with such foul blood, I'd cut thee to the chine, and feed the eagles with those trembling limbs—if birds, so brave, would deign to banquet on them!

Vel. Shall we bear this? He calls us cowards! Draw, friends, and undeceive him.

Cor. By murdering your leader! Hear him, soldiers—hark to these Spaniards but in garb—these summer flies, who buzz around the lion's mane, secure in their own insignificance; nay, think, no doubt, with their weak hum, to drown his awful roar, and rule the forest in his stead! Speak you, my friends, I do not heed these trumpeters! Countrymen! fellow-soldiers! brothers! again I ask you, what would you do?

All. Return to Cuba! return to Cuba!

Cor. Indeed! Nay, then forbid it Heaven, that I

should lead such gallant men to die against their wills! Forgive me, countrymen, that I had judged you of another temper. But ere I give the signal for your embarkation, tell me, my good Castilians, what fit is this that shakes ye? Do I behold the warriors who so lately crowded round the standard of Cortez, eager to propagate the true faith, and descend to posterity under the proud title of conquerors? Have you scarcely found footing in this fairy region, where spring for ever reigns upon the earth, and summer wantons in the air? Whose rivers, shamming Lydian Paetolus, have waves of silver rolling over sands of gold? And do you start thus early at the mere dream of danger? Be it so! The eyes of the old world are upon you; the new one is in your grasp; abandon it; break the weapons you have not courage to wield, and return to Cuba; I permit you—nay, I command you. Cortez will share his glory with none but the brave! his wealth with none—but the enterprizing.

All but Diego and Velasquez. We'll follow Cortez! we'll follow Cortez!

San. Aye, aye, we'll follow Cortez!

Cor. So you said before.

All but Diego and Velasquez. We swear it! we swear it!

Sancho, gaining courage by the enthusiasm of the troops. Yes! we swear it. We'll swear any thing!

Cor. Have I lost my brave soldiers?

Francisco and Alvarado. They are at your feet!

(all kneel but Diego and Velasquez.)

San. We are at your feet!

Cor. Rise, Castilians, and hear him who was your General—aye, *was*. For I derived my right to command from the commission of the Governor of Cuba, who, jealous of your attachment to me, has since employed his satellites to stir you up to mutiny. I will not act upon a defective, or even dubious title; nor can I trust an army which may dispute my power at the very moment when it should

be implicitly acknowledged. To my brother captains, therefore, do I resign my authority, praying them, in the king's name, to appoint one of their number to direct your future operations; and such is my zeal for the service in which we are engaged, that with the same hand which lays down my truncheon, will I take up a pike to convince my fellow-soldiers that, though accustomed to command, I have not forgotten how to obey!

(*kisses his truncheon, and resigns it to Sandoval.*)

All but Diego and Velasquez. We'll follow none but Cortez.

San. A Cortez! a Cortez!

Sand. You hear, Senor, the troops will follow none but Cortez: in the king's name, therefore, I return your truncheon. (*returns it.*)

Velas. This must not be. I oppose his re-election.

Die. And I.

San. Eh! shall I have to turn again? (*aside and half frightened.*)

Cor. Then, in the name of that monarch, whose person I represent, and of that army who demand me for their leader, I arrest you, Velasquez de Leon, and you, Diego de Ordaz, as the ringleaders of the late faction. (*they offer to draw.*) Disarm them!

(*they are seized and disarmed.*)

San. O! the traitors!

Velas. This shall be answered!

Cor. To my king and country. Take them away! [*exit Diego and Velasquez, guarded.*]

San. Aye, away with them! away with them!

Cor. (*pointing to Sancho.*) Put that fellow in irons till further orders.

San. Who, me? O Lord! what have I done? (*they seize him.*) Gentlemen! comrades! Cortez for ever! Cortez for ever!

Cor. Away with him! [*soldiers exeunt with Sancho struggling and bawling--"Cortez for ever."*]

Sand. See where the Mexicans return with Montezuma's decision.

Enter TELUXO, TEUTILE, CUITALPITOE, and Mexicans.

Cor. Now, Chieftains, how says your emperor?

Tel. He repeats his offer of assistance, but forbids your nearer approach to Mexico. Content thee, stranger, with the treasures his munificence hath bestowed on thee. Abandon the vain hope of subjugating millions. Reascend your floating castles, and depart in peace.

Cor. Juan de Esculante! (*Juan advances. Cortez takes a paper from his bosom, and continues aside to him.*) Away to the harbour and execute instantly the instructions contained in this paper. (*gives it him. Exit Juan.*) It is a bold but necessary resolution! (*aloud and turning to Mexicans*) Teluxo, this is my reply!—A sanguinary and ignorant priesthood daily offends the true and only Deity, by the immolation of human victims. I have sworn to overturn your monstrous idols, and root up your accursed superstition. I will keep my oath.

Tel. And seal your own destruction!

Enter MARINA, who runs to Cortez.

Mar. To arms! to arms! The Tlascalans are advancing, and hope to surprise us.

Tel. (aside.) A Mexican in the camp of Cortez!

Cor. 'Tis well. Ambassador of Montezuma, you shall witness the onset. You tell me of numbers—Cortez never counts his enemies till he has conquered them! You point to yonder fleet as my only asylum; a few moments will show you how Cortez values the chance of an escape. (*lights seen on board each vessel.*) Behold!

The Spanish fleet takes fire. Cortez snatches his standard from the officer who bears it.

Cor. Castilians, retreat is impossible! The enemy is before you! (*pointing to the standard.*) Let us follow the Cross, for under this sign we shall conquer!

Chorus—Spaniards and Mexicans.

ALVARADO, CHRISTOVAL, FRANCISCO, SANDOVAL, and
Spaniards, exultingly.

Lead on, lead on, we follow thee,
To glorious death or victory !

Mexicans, in alarm.

Their vessels burn, they cannot flee;
Their cry is “death or victory !”

During this chorus the ships burn and sink, and the crews are seen rowing in boats for the shore by the light of the conflagration.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Romantic Pass near Tlascala—sun-rise.*
Alarm without.

*Enter TLASCALANS, as if routed; followed by AMAZITLI.
Solo and Chorus. AMAZITLI, &c.*

Chorus.

Away ! away ! Our foes advance.
Vain the hatchet ! vain the lance.
At their will the light’ning flies,
And the thunder shakes the skies.

Solo. AMAZITLI.

Whither, whither would you fly ?
Uncover’d, on their bloody bed,
The corses of your brothers lie.
Hark, their angry spirits cry
“ Rally, and avenge the dead ! ”

Chorus.

Away ! away ! &c.

[exeunt Tlascalans hastily.

Alarm—enter MAXICAZIN.

Max. All is lost ! The gods must aid our enemies, or they are gods themselves. Fly, Amazitli !

Enter SANDOVAL, ALVARADO, and two Spaniards.

Sand. (to Maxicazin.) Yield, or die !

Max. Come, death then, and not shame !

Sandoval and Spaniards attack Maxicazin. Alvarado seizes Amazitli.

Enter ACACIX and XOCOTZIN.

Aca. My father !

Xoc. Amazitli ! For love ! (attacks Alvarado.)

Aca. For liberty ! (attacks Sandoval.)

Xocotzin retreats before Alvarado, protecting Amazilli. They fight off. Acacix beats back Sandoval and his party.

Aca. (to Maxicazin.) Fly, sir ! The life you gave cannot be better lost than in defending your's.

Enter more Spaniards—Acacix is taken prisoner—Maxicazin escapes.

Enter CORTEZ and officers.

Cor. Recall the troops from the pursuit ; I sought a victory, not a massacre. (to Acacix.) Young warrior, why those down cast looks ; I will not wrong you by thinking you fear death.

Aca. I fear'd it not when happy---now I court it !

Cor. Is it then the dishonour of being prisoner to Cortez that afflicts you ?

Aca. Son of the sun ! the thought of having saved a father's life would reconcile me to my fate, were it not for the bitter reflection, that while I languish in captivity, my rival brother weds, perchance, the maiden of my heart.

Cor. Never be it said that Cortez, himself a lover, was deaf to a lover's misery—Tlascalan, you are free---go, tell your chief I still prefer his friendship to his subjugation.

Aca. Generous stranger ! the time may come to

prove my gratitude by deeds. The gods protect thee ! [exit Acacix.

Cor. Call in the horse, I say !

Trumpet sounds, and is answered in the distance. The cavalry enter from various directions.

Re-enter ALVARADO.

Alva. The foe have rallied--they advance !

Cor. Spaniards, remember the plains of Tabasco ! Form and march forward !

Re-enter MAXICAZIN and Tlascalins.

Max. Be it then in peace! (kneeling) Son of the sun, and brothers of the stars, if you be divinities of a cruel nature we will sacrifice five slaves upon your dreadful altars. If you be gentle deities, we will make you offerings of copal gum and variegated plumes, and if mortals like ourselves, with fowls and bread and fruit will we present you, so that in return you afford us friendship and protection.

Cor. Your prayers are granted ! Rise, friends of Spain, allies of Charles the Fifth !

Enter TEUTILE and CUITALPITO.

Cor. Mexicans, you come in good time to witness our union with Tlascala.

Teu. Invincible warrior, we are bearers of still more pleasing intelligence ; a courier has arrived from Mexico—Montezuma, in token of the admiration with which your deeds have inspired him, consents to your wishes and permits your advance to the capital.

Cui. Recommending, at the same time, your progress through Cholula, in which city he has ordered preparations to be made for your reception and entertainment.

Cor. It shall be according to his pleasure. A flourish, trumpets ! To the welkin tell these glorious tidings—victory and peace !

A flourish—military evolutions—picture—scene closes.

SCENE II.—*Landscape and hut of Amazitli, same as Act I.*

Enter SANCHO, with a musket.

San. O Sancho, Sancho! what a fortunate thing it was for you that those copper-nosed cavaliers should take it into their heads to make a descent at so critical a moment. Cortez couldn't spare any thing in the shape of a soldier, and so took the irons off my legs to make me a man at arms. But, no, no fighting for me so long as I can manage to live without it; quick march is the only military manoeuvre that I'm particularly well versed in, and that must be in the opposite direction to the field of battle; for such is my supreme contempt of danger, that I invariably turn my back on it. If I'd had the least idea I should have been expected to practise in a new profession, I'd never have quitted my old one at Cuba, of blacksmith and farrier to the colony. They told me such fine tales of houses of silver, and trees of gold, and all to be had for just putting one's hand out, but not one word of the raps on the knuckles it might get by the way. Houses of silver, forsooth they must have been of quicksilver, and run away, I'm thinking. Here's a house now—a mansion no doubt they'd call it—I wonder if there's any body at home—(*peeping in*) faith I don't think there is. I'll have a peep at the furniture—I hope there are plenty of moveables—O, how I long for a little peaceable pilfering!

[exit cautiously into hut.]

Enter AMAZITLI and XOCOTZIN.

Xoc. The gods has so decreed it. Amazitli, and what could mortal courage do against their will? 'Tis true, we came not home as conquerors; but the deeds of the warrior are not less daring because fate has doomed them to be ineffectual.

Ama. I do not deprecate your valour—I am grateful—deeply grateful for your protection, but I

merely request you to observe that I made no promise, and could you even interpret my words as such, it was to the victor in fight—nay, to the preserver of his country, that my hand was pledged, and much—much as I am indebted to your arms today—alas, for Tlascala ! I cannot declare you to be either.

Song—AMAZITLI.

Alas, for Tlascala ! The bravest and best
Of her warriors have sunk in their life blood to rest!
Their bones lie unburied to bleach in the blast ;
O, mourn for Tlascala ! Her glory is past !
Alas, for Tlascala ! Fair victory's light
Shall no more gild her eagle's majestical flight ;
This swoop was the battle-bird's boldest and last—
O, mourn for Tlascala ! Her glory is past !

Xoc. Amazitli ! I saved you from the stranger at the hazard of my life, and—

Ama. And I acknowledge the obligation—thanks, I am aware, are an empty recompense for such a deed, but I have some ornaments which—

Xoc. Hold ! add not insult to thy cruelty—the only recompense for saving Amazitli's life, is Amazitli's self—my brother's death, or more ignoble bondage, has freed me of his rivalship, and mine thou must and shalt be—(*throws down his hatchet and approaches Amazitli, who shrinks from him, Acacix enters and runs between them.*)

Aca. Thy brother lives and is at liberty, a witness against himself and thee !

Ama. Acacix ! safe !

Xoc. Away, thou white man's slave ? thou—

Aca. 'Tis true, I was made captive and that you fled ; nor can we ask her love for vanquished men !

Xoc. I ask it ; nay, I claim it as my right—you coldly from her aid withdrew, I left a father to defend her !

Aca. If claim there be, mine is the strongest ; she promised her love to the preserver of his country.

In saving the Cazique, I did preserve it ; and at the same time fulfill'd a still more sacred duty !

Xoc. Seek your reward from duty then ; and not from love—I saved her, and have won her ! (*rushes past Acacix and seizes Amazilli.*)

Ama. (*breaking from him*) Rude chief, you presume too much upon a service which any warrior of our nation had been proud to render a defenceless woman, and thereby forfeit all title to the gratitude I had been bound to owe you ! I would enter my habitation ; I pray you let me pass ?

Xoc. Never till you have yielded to my suit.

Aca. Thou less than woman, that darest thus insult one ; give way, as thou lovest life.

Xoc. Threatened ! Slave !

They grapple—Acacix succeeds in removing him from before the door of the hut, which he throws open, and Sancho is discovered, who drops, terrified, upon his knees ; all start.

Ama. A white man !

San. And a blacksmith ! don't hurt me, I never hurt any body myself—

Aca. What make you here ?

San. Nothing—not a hobnail—merely look'd in—in the way of business—to see if any body wanted shoeing—pshaw ! no—not shoeing—docking I mean —no—that is—O dear ! I'm all in a cold perspiration.

Xoc. Vengeance for our slaughtered countrymen ! (*Snatches up his hatchet and aims a blow at Sancho ; Acacix catches his arm.*)

Aca. Hold ! His leader gave me liberty ; I will repay the deed by the protection of his follower !

Xoc. Mad fool ! Dost thou think to cross my path of vengeance as well as that of love ? The hungry ocelot had been a safer foe ; like his, my spring is death ! [*Rushes on Acacix.*]

Sancho. Help ! Murder ! [*Takes up his musket, and is going to present it when—*

Enter Maxicazin. Sancho runs out.

Ama. Save him—Save him !

Max. My sons, my sons ! What means this most unnatural fury ? What cause has thus armed brother against brother ?

Xoc. Love for Amazitli—Vengeance on our foes.

Max. The Spaniards are no longer so. The Tlascalans are now the faithful allies of those powerful strangers.

Ama. And for my love, I give it to him who has deserved best of his country. Let our warriors judge for me.

Max. My heart speaks for Acacix, who, at the peril of his own young life, preserved that of his father, and your Cazique.

Xoc. Enough ! Acacix ! Tremble ! (*Rushes out.*)

Max. Rash boy ! Xocotzin ! He has vanished. Well, let him go ; his ungovernable temper has long been a source of sorrow to me. Let him go and carry amongst the barbarous hunter tribes of the mountains those fierce passions which are the bane of his peace, and that of all around him. Acacix, to your command I entrust the warriors selected to accompany our new allies to Cholula, and from thence to Mexico, whither they are on the point of marching, by desire of Montezuma ; who has, at length, consented to admit them to his presence. On your return, your nuptials with Amazitli shall be celebrated. Follow me. [*exeunt Maxicazin and Tlascalans.*]

Aca. Dear Amazitli, say you approve my father's choice.

Ama. O, pray don't ask me any questions just now ; I declare I have been so hurried, and frightened, and teased, that its ten to one but I shall make some foolish answer or another. There, go along, your father is waiting for you ; go, go, and forget me before you get half way to Cholula.

Aca. Forget thee, Amazitli ! Never, never.

Song.—ACACIX.

There blooms a sweet flow'r,
 My love, in thy bow'r,
 Whose petals expanded display
 A star to the sight ;
 But when folded by night,
 Like a heart it hangs drooping till day.
 That flow'r when you see,
 My love, think on me,
 My Truth, let its day star pourtray,
 And its night form impart
 The despair of my heart,
 When the light of thy smile is away !

[*exit separately.*

SCENE III. *Distant view of Cholula.*

Spanish march heard faintly—TELUXO discovered in an attitude of observation.

Tel. Go on, Tyrants ! Go on ; your punishment is preparing : Indulge the vain hope that you and your worthless allies may insult with impunity Mexico's two thousand deities, and their Vicegerent, Montezuma. Too late will ye awake from your dreams of security. Too late will ye strive to fly from the terrible vengeance that awaits ye. Whom have we here ? As I live, the lovely Mexican I saw in the Spanish camp, and who wakened a curiosity which may now be satisfied. [retires.

Enter MARINA.

Mar. Yonder he rides ! My hero and my love ! With what graceful dignity he leads his gallant band —himself the bravest of the brave, towards the gates of Cholula, that fearful city—the sanctuary and chief seat of the Mexican divinities ; and in whose great temple more hapless victims bleed, than even in that of the lake-seated capital. He knows not of my absence ; he would have called my purpose rash, and have prevented its execution. I doubt this sudden change of Montezuma's sentiments, and his selec-

tion of Cholula for our resting place adds to my suspicions. The people are as notorious for their bad faith as for their bigotry. I hinted my fears to Cortez, but in vain; he smiled, and bade his trumpets sound to horse; but I will mingle with the crowd unnoticed, and not a sign or whisper shall escape me that may bode ill to my beloved Hernando.

Song. MARINA.

Through the wood whose tangled boughs
Shut the very sun-light out,
Dreading at each step to rouse
Sleeping snake or ocelot,
Steals the cautious traveller,
Starting at each leaf that falls;
So with strained eye and ear
Seek I yonder fearful walls.
For the tygers lurking *there*
Make a fiercer surer spring,
And the coiled serpents bear
Deadlier venom in their sting!
But the forest wand'lers skill,
Mine, is far—oh, far above!
He but guards *himself* from ill,
I would rescue him I love!

(As she is going Teluxo advances.)

Tel. Stay, lovely one.

Mar. Teluxo!

Tel. You know me then.

Mar. I—I saw you in the camp of Cortez.

Tel. And what had a Mexican to do in the camp of her enemies?

Mar. They are not *my* enemies, nor are they Mexico's.

Tel. Not Mexico's, who would overturn her altars and insult her gods?

Mar. They are sprinkled with the blood of the unfortunate!

Tel. Woman, blaspheme not; they are merciful to thee, though thou hast leagued with their foes,

they have made Teluxo an instrument to snatch thee from impending destruction, and restore thee to the faith of thine ancestors. Follow me.

Mar. Thee—Whither?

Tel. To a place of safety ; trust to Teluxo ; thou hast 'waken'd an interest *here*, which I know not how to account for ; but one too strong to suffer thee to share the fate of these vile strangers.

Mar. Merciful heaven ! Their fate—what fate ? My forebodings then were true. For pity's sake tell—Oh, tell me what danger threatens Cortez ?

Tel. The vengeance of the gods ! The wrath of Montezuma ! This night shall witness the annihilation of these presumptuous invaders. The snare is set—the knives are wetted for the sacrifice. The hated Spaniards—their detested allies ! all, all but thou, shalt perish.

Mar. (Kneeling.) Say not so, Teluxo, hear me ! Save but Cortez, and—

Tel. Up and follow me !

Mar. (Wildly.) I cannot, I will not. I must seek and warn Hernando of his danger—I—

Tel. Foolish girl ! Think'st thou I would trust thee with my secret, and leave it in thy power to betray me ? (*makes a sign, and three or four Mexicans spring from behind some bushes*) Look to that female —Let her not escape !

Mar. Inhuman ! If you thirst for blood, take mine, but spare Hernando's.

Tel. No, lady, thou must live to be Teluxo's bride !

Mar. O, horror ! *thy* bride ! Banish the thought, Teluxo, banish it. You know not what you say—I—I am—your sister ! (*falls*)

Tel. My sister ! And I have murdered her ! (*throws himself beside her.*) Look up, much injured girl ! Let me not have to answer for thy death as well as thy banishment ! Look up, sweet sister !

Mar. (reviving.) Teluxo ! wilt thou kill me ?

Tel. Sooner would I kill myself ! You doubt, you

fear me! Alas! you have had too much cause to do so! But with this embrace let all your suspicions vanish! Ever since our conscience-stricken mother confided to me the secret of your existence, and the unnatural act to which mistaken fondness hurried her, my search after the wandering merchants, to whom you were sold, and from whom alone I could hope to gain intelligence of your fate, has been unwearied, as hitherto it has been vain! But why do we tarry here? Let me hasten to place thee in an asylum so secure from the dangers of the approaching storm that even the echo of its thunder shall scarcely reach thee!

Mar. What storm? What dangers? Ha! again I wake to horror—to despair! You spoke of Cortez, and of vengeance!

Tel. As should a Mexican! But you, my sister! You spoke of Cortez and of love! O, let not the sun of joy so lately risen, set in the blackest night that e'er could shroud its beams! A proud invader threatens with destruction our altars, our country, and our king. Never be it said Teluxo's sister loved her nation's scourge!

Mar. I never shall—She loves her nation's saviour! Cortez comes to give light and liberty to a blind and enslaved people! To teach the worship of the true God, and trample upon that of dæmons! (*Mexicans make signs to each other.*)

Tel. (*Aside to Mar.*) Unfortunate! Think to whose ears you breathe these dreadful proofs of your apostacy—(*A loud to Mexicans*) She knows not what she says—Her mind is shaken by conflicting passions—Sister, follow me!

Mar. Not till you swear to abandon your treacherous designs against Cortez and his brave companions! O, Teluxo! if the affection thou hast professed for thy sister be indeed unfeigned, commit not an act which will destroy her happiness in this world, and thine in that which is to come!

Tel. I must not hear this; for thine own sake I

must not—nay, resistance is in vain—Despite thyself
I will preserve thee !

Mar. Cortez! Cortez!

(*Teluxo forces her out, followed by the Mexicans, who secretly threaten Marina.*)

SCENE IV.—*Chamber in a Cholulan Palace.*

Eter CORTEZ, SANDOVAL, ALVARADO, FRANCISCO, TEU-TILE, and CUITALPITOE.

Teu. Welcome mighty stranger—welcome to Cholula.

Cor. I am sensible of your attentions, but would fain be informed why these gates which open so widely to receive the Spaniards, are closed against the warriors of Tlascala, their friends and allies.

Cui. The Tlascalans have ever been the foes of Mexico, and it is the order of Montezuma that none of that republic shall enter Cholula.

Sand. to *Cor.* They are aware of the prohibition, and have signified their intention of remaining without the walls.

Cor. Be it so, then.

Teu. Night advances—repose great chief after the labours of the day, and be assured that we have nothing so much at heart as the desire of proving the respect and affection we bear to such noble and invincible guests. [*Exeunt Teutile and Cuitalpitoe.*]

Sand. I like not the tone of these ambassadors, nor the bearing of the people and their priests.

Cor. I fear their looks as little as their deeds ; but I am at a loss to account for Marina's absence—she cannot surely have been rash enough to stray from her escort, yet, I saw her not as we entered the city.

Eter ACACIX, hastily, enveloped in a Spanish mantle, and wearing a Spanish helmet with the visor closed.

Alva. Who goes there !

Aca. throwing off his disguise. A friend ! Said I not, Cortez, the time might come when I could prove my gratitude by deeds ? It has arrived ! The

life and liberty you lately gave I now hazard for your preservation.

Cor. Speak ! What mean you ?

Aca. The Cholulans intend your destruction—arms have been distributed among the people—stones carried to the tops of houses—trenches cut across the streets in which are fixed sharp stakes for the impalement of the wondrous animals you govern.

Sand. How know you this.

Aca. The women and children left the city by the opposite gates to that which you entered—a sure sign some hostile deed was meditating—it aroused my suspicions—from one of your soldiers I procured this cloak and helmet, and thus attired, strolled carelessly through the city, where I saw much and heard more from its inhabitants, who, deceived by my dress, considered me ignorant of their signs and language.

Cor. The traitors !

Sand. What's to be done ?

Alv. Let us instantly to arms, cut our way to the gates, and retreat to Tlascala !

Cor. Retreat ! Can Alvarado couple the words Tlascala and retreat together, or does he imagine that the weapon which so lately spread death and terror through the army of an hundred thousand warriors, in her open fields, will loose their edge and temper within the walls of Cholula.

Alv. Our soldiers then were fresh, and their nerves newly strung with the hope of plunder. Battle and march in rapid succession, have wasted and worn their spirits and their frames, and they would now fear to lose, by a rash action, the gold they have so lately purchased at the peril of their lives.

Cor. Alvarado ! If gold was the prize for which my soldiers fought, glory was the object of their leader. I also fear to lose that freedom which I have purchased at the peril of *my* life, and with my life will I defend it. Let them follow my example ! Say on, Tlascalan, what farther proofs ?

Aca. What confirms their purpose is—that there are preparations making in the great temple for a solemn sacrifice, such as is usually made on the eve of undertaking some military action. And I have reason to fear from what I heard—that the victim was a female, whom—

Cor. A female! gracious heaven! why do you pause? whom—whom—

Aca. Whom I noticed at Tlascala in conference with yourself.

Cor. Marina! distraction! her absence! the horrible truth flashes on my brain! Her zeal for our safety has placed her in their power! Monsters! But there may yet be time—Away. Tiascalan, to your warriors, under cover of the approaching light, lead them close beneath the walls, and on the discharge of a musket, scale and make towards the great temple! Sandoval! Alvarado! follow me, and aid in the encouragement and disposition of our troops! The traitors themselves shall be the victims! I call heaven and earth to witness, that it is their perfidy which arms our hands for vengeance, unnatural to our hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Summit of the Great Temple of Cholula.*

The stage represents the upper area of the celebrated artificial mountain or pyramid of Cholula. It is surrounded by a balustrade open on o. p. side for exit and entrance by the spiral staircase, which is supposed to wind round the pyramid from the court in which it stands. At the further extremity of the area is the sanctuary—a building crowned with a cupulo or pinnacle, having in front a recess closed with a drapery. On each side is a small altar with sacred fire burning—and in the centre of the stage a large green stone of a peculiar shape on which the victims were sacrificed. In the distance beyond the balustrade on each side of the sanctuary are seen the pinnacles of numberless other temples and buildings silvered by the moon, and backed by a dark blue sky studded with stars.

TELUXO, the High Priest of Cholula and two attendants discovered.

High Priest. She has been the accomplice—the slave of these invaders.

Tel. Priest—she is my sister.

High Priest. The gods have delivered her into our hands.

Tel. No, not the gods—but her unnatural brother! I was her foe, ere I could lisp her name! For my sake was she sold to slavery! If she hath sinned in herding with these strangers, theirs is the fault who caused her banishment—Oh, she is innocent! most innocent! It was her detestation of crime which wrung from her the secret of her birth! And it was told with tears and trembling, for she feared me—her brother!

High Priest. The voice of the people demands her sacrifice.

Tel. Priest! it is not so—call you the cowardly suggestions of the few, who heard her extorted confession and were base enough to betray her—the voice of the people?

High Priest. The god of air—the great protector of Cholula, must have a victim—blood alone can propitiate him.

Tel. He shall have blood enough! My chosen warriors, who lie in ambush near the city, but wait the general signal to surround our foes. Defer my sister's death but till the Emperor's pleasure shall be known, and I swear to you by this holy temple, I will so order the attack that not a Spaniard shall fall in fight, but wait in captivity the knife of the sacrificer!

High Priest. Away, then, to your band! It shall be so.

Tel. You promise? (*Priest bows, Teluxo kneels and kisses the hem of his garment, then rising, exclaims, with exultation,*) Sister, I have saved thee!

[exit Teluxo hastily down the stair-case.

High Priest (after having watched his descent.)
 Fool, to think a jealous and offended deity will thus
 be baulk'd of his victim ! she has abjured the religion
 of her fathers, she has assisted the invasion of her
 country ; heaven and earth cry aloud for her sacri-
 fice ! she dies, and instantly ! (*To attendants.*) As-
 semble the servants of the temple ! bring forth the
 prisoner ! (*exeunt attendants.*) The consummation of
 the sacrifice shall be the signal for the destruction of
 our foes !

Finale.

*Chorus of Priests, Virgins, and Children of the temple,
 ascending and entering in procession.*

God of air !
 We call on thee !
 To our pray'r
 Propitious be !
 Round thy shrine for aid we throng !
 Warm blood we'll pour o'er it,
 Burn Copal before it,
 And praise thee with dance and with song !

*During the chorus they enter and groupe themselves about
 the stage, some scattering flowers, and some sounding sea
 shells, and playing on flutes, horns, &c.—at the conclu-
 sion of the chorus, four attendant priests bearing wooden
 instruments in the shape of serpents, undraw the drapery
 that closes the arch of the sanctuary, and discover MARINA
 bound at the feet of a gigantic idol of Quetzalcoatl, they
 unbind and bring her forward to the centre of the stage.*

Solo. MARINA.

Mighty spirit, whose pure eyes,
 Turn from human sacrifice,
 And to whose eternal throne,
 Pray'r's the sweetest incense known,
 God of mercy ! God of peace !
 Let thy servant's sorrows cease !

A trumpet is heard, and a gun fired without.

Solo. HIGH PRIEST.

Hark ! what means that warlike sound ?

MARINA.

Doth not fancy mock mine ear ?

(*Shouts without.*)

Chorus of Priests.

Distant shouts are rising round !

MARINA.

No ! 'tis true, and friends are near !

(*Tumult and clashing of arms without.*)

PRIESTS.

No more delay ! The victim seize,
Let her blood the gods appease !

They seize Marina, and drag her towards the stone of sacrifice—Mexicans and Cholulans rush in, followed by Cortez, Sandoval, Alvarado, Acacix, Spaniards, and Tlascalans.

FRANCISCO, SANDOVAL, &c. and Spaniards.

Vengeance ! Vengeance !

MEXICANS, PRIESTS, &c.

Fly ! oh, fly !

Marina rushes into the arms of Cortez—Spaniards break down and overturn the sanctuary and idol, and discover the city of Cholula in the distance.

Spaniards and Tlascalans.

Victory ! Victory ! Victory !

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Volcanic mountains in the neighbourhood of Cholula and bird's-eye view of the valley, lake, and city of Mexico. The stage represents a platform of rocks, to which a winding and precipitous path descends from o. p. and from which two roads are supposed to lead, in nearly parallel directions, to the valley beneath. The mouths of these roads are indicated at the first and upper entrances, o. p. Rising behind the precipices, p. s. is seen the mountain Popocatepec, the summit covered with snow, and from time to time emitting smoke and sparks, and stretching away into the horizon, the valley and lake of Mexico are observed with the city, causeways, floating gardens, &c.*

TELUXO descends from the rocks.

Tel. Of the two roads which lead to Mexico, the royal one have I caused to be blocked up with trunks of trees and fragments of rock ; and while the entrance to the other has been smoothed and widened, its natural precipices have been rendered more dangerous by art ; and the Spaniards, who will be certain to choose that path which appears least obstructed, will find themselves, charged on a sudden in a situation where their horse cannot act, or their foot stand firm. Their punishment of the perfidious priests of Cholula had nearly disarmed my vengeance ; but my sister is again in their power—that sister whom I fondly hoped (as an atonement for the ills I had innocently occasioned her) to restore to the worship and the wealth of her ancestors. I cannot endure that she should follow these haughty strangers, and receive from their hands, as the price of her apostacy, the property which is her right as the sister of Teluxo ; and which Teluxo alone should in honour return to her ! Montezuma, too, hates as much as he fears these Spaniards, and will richly reward him by whom they are defeated or destroyed. Yes, nature, ambition, patriotism, all conspire to urge me to this deed. (Spanish march

(without.) Hark, their trumpets ! They come ! Proud invaders, enjoy your first and only view of Mexico.

[exit *Teluxo* by open road.

(March louder.) The Spanish forces, horse and foot, slowly descend the path, and form on the stage. They are followed by a party of *Tlascalans*, with *Teutile* and *Cuitalpitoc*; lastly, *Cortez* and *Marina*.

Cor. Behold, my countrymen, your glorious goal, the city of the Lake ! Imperial Mexico is before you ! Say, chieftains (*to Teutile and Cuitalpitoc*) in return for our reception at Cholula, shall we abandon our pacific intentions, and enter Mexico as enemies ?

Teu. Great Cortez, you would not thus injure a sovereign who has, through us, so solemnly declared his utter ignorance and detestation of that perfidious plot. Ascribe the treachery, sir, as it is most just you should, to the zealous fury of the priests of Cholula, and banish your suspicions of a noble prince who hastens with joy and splendour to throw open to you the gates of his capital.

Cor. The sacred character of ambassadors has shielded you from the wrath which the doubts of your truth had rendered fatal ; but, beware that those doubts are not again excited.

Mar. Why is the entrance of the royal road to Mexico obstructed by those newly-felled trees and fragments of stone ?

Cui. I know not, lady ; but presume that it has been lately found dangerous, and a safer one opened and levelled for your march.

(pointing to first entrance.)

Cor. They who so ordered it but little knew my character, or that of the brave men who follow me. The road of danger is likewise the road of glory, and my Castilians will choose that path for the very reason which suggested these barricadoes. (*to Tlascalans.*) Remove the principal obstructions, and let us forward.

As the Tlascalans execute his orders, Acacix descends the mountain precipitately.

Aca. (kneeling.) Mighty Cortez, at your feet I sue for aid ; scarcely had I, with your permission, began to retrace my steps towards Tlascala, when I received intelligence that a band of mountaineers, led by my vengeful brother, had last night surprised and carried off my bride—my beloved Amazitli ! They fled this way. At day-break they were seen to cross these mountains, and have, doubtless, sought shelter in the forests at their feet.

Cor. Sandoval, lead a party of foot in pursuit of these ravishers ; Alvarado, to your care I consign my Marina. At the head of my gallant horse will I o'erleap these obstructions !

(*March—Sandoval and a party of Spaniards and Tlascalans exeunt with Acacix, by the open road. Cortez spurs his horse over the remaining obstructions, followed by Marina, Alvarado, the Caziques and the rest of his forces.*)

SCENE II.—Forest of pines and oaks.

Enter Xocotzin, forcing in AMAZITLI.

Ama. Wretch !

Xoc. Aye, wretch indeed ! But who hath made me one ? Wherefore this indignation at an act to which I have been drawn by your cruelty ? Knew you so little of Xocotzin as to imagine he would sit tamely down under the injuries heaped upon him ? No, if you cannot love, you shall at least, fear me ! I brought not sin so far to stay it here.

Ama. Crown it with murder then ! Since thou so lovest me, do something that may win my gratitude. Kill me, and I will bless thee !

Xoc. Kill thee, maiden ! I shielded not thy bosom from the stranger's sword to pierce it with mine own ; nor, had my vengeance levelled at thy

life, needed I hither to have borne thee. No, Amazitli, no! a dearer triumph—

Ama. Monster!

Song.—AMAZITLI.

Shame to manhood! fear'st thou not
The vengeance of the gods to dare;
Though unmoved by my sad lot,
In pity to thyself forbear.
Hark, their high displeasure telling,
The thunder's awful voice is swelling!
Spirits, hear my prayer,
Let your mercy beaming now,
Save me from dishonour's stain,
Or your wrath direct the blow
Which at once may end my pain!

Xoc. Thy prayer is vain. The gods are ever on the conquering side. They have forsaken thee. (*trumpet sounds*) Ha! pursued! deeper into the wood then—I'll breathe these hunters yet! (*hurries out Amazitli.*)

SCENE III.—*Another part of the forest.*

Enter SANCHO, with his musket.

San. O dear! O dear! what will become of me—I got into the forest easily enough, but I am afraid I shall never get out of it. For a peaceable well inclined man, I certainly do fall into the most confounded scrapes imaginable; but what am I to do? If I go back to the army I shall be shot as a deserter—and if I am caught by the Indians I shall be hung for a spy, or served up as a side dish to some cursed cannibal of a Cazique, who will eat me with tomato sauce—make a cup of my scull—and stick my bones, by way of ornament, over his mantle-piece—ugh! what's that? (*presenting his musket.*) Only a dead branch! I—I took it for a rattle-snake. I'm glad I've got a gun, though I'm half

afraid to fire it. It's something like company, and —eh ! somebody's coming—where shall I go—gad, I'll get up a tree—it's better than dangling from one, at any rate. (*climbs up a tree and pulls up his gun after him.*)

Enter AMAZITLI, hastily.

San. (aside.) A woman, by Saint Jago ! and in a devil of a pucker !

Ama. He follows me ! I hear the trampling of his feet—nearer—nearer—my strength fails me ; I can fly no further—(*leans half sinking against a tree.*)

San. (aside.) Here's an opportunity for a man to show his gallantry ! Oh, if I had but a little courage ! I've a great mind. (*puts down one leg, shots are fired within.*) I've changed it ! (*draws his leg up again.*)

Ama. The engines of the Spaniards ! the allies of Tlascala ! then there is yet hope !

Staggers forward—enter XOCOTZIN.

Xoc. (*seizing her.*) Overtaken, fair fugitive ! you 'scape so not again !

Ama. Mercy ! mercy !

San. (aside.) Why, that's the very villain that wanted to knock my brains out !

Xoc. You scorn'd my prayer, and can you hope that I shall now listen to your's ? No, Amazitli, fortune is kinder than art to Xocotzin, and he will not idly fling her favours from him ! (*alarm without.*)

Enter TELUXO.

Tel. (seeing Xoc.) Tlascalans ! down with them !

Xocotzin throws himself before Amazitli.

Ama. (to Tel.) Kill me, Mexican, but save me from this monster !

Xoc. Mexican, the Spaniards follow close upon your footsteps, and even my defeat will but accele-

rate your own destruction—I am the foe of Spain as well as thou! tarry not then to heed a woman's raving, and waste in useless combat moments so precious! Fly—fly while flight be possible!

Tel. Death must o'ertake me one day, should I now ingloriously escape it by closing mine ears to the cry of a helpless and insulted female! Tlascalan, thou wert born the foe of Mexico, but thy persecution of woman hath made thee the foe of all mankind! let go thy hold!

Xoc. But in the pangs of death!

Teluxo and Xocotzin fight.

San. (*aside.*) I must have a pop at him.

Xocotzin disarms Teluxo—Sancho fires and wounds Xocotzin, who falls—Teluxo and Amazitli stand astonished.

San. (*aside.*) Hit him, by all that's wonderful!

Enter SANDOVAL, ACACIX, Spaniards and Tlascalans. they seize TELUXO—Acacix runs to Amazitli.

Aca. Amazitli!

Ama. (*pointing to Tel.*) Harm him not, for me he fought.

Aca. But he hath slain Xocotzin, who, base as he was—was still my brother!

Tel. I would have slain him, had the gods so willed it—but he fell not by my hand.

San. (*in the tree.*) Spare my life, gentlemen! and I'll confess all—I owed him an old grudge, and certainly did pepper him, but it was by the merest accident—I'll bet any body what they please I miss 'em if I try again.

Sand. Sancho! come down, sirrah, instantly!

San. Be merciful! I surrender at discretion. (*coming down.*)

Aca. (*who has knelt beside his brother.*) He moves! he lives!

San. O Lord, then he'll kill me!

Ama. Raise him and bear him quickly to some aid!

Tlascalans lift Xocotzin.

Sand. Forward to join our leader.

[*Exeunt Tlascalans, bearing Xocotzin, followed by Acacix,
Amazitli and Spaniards, with Teluxo prisoner.*]

Sand. Sancho! follow

San. But—but shan’t I be shot, captain?

Sand. No—upon one condition.

San. What’s that?

Sand. That you are braver in future. [*exit Sandoval.*]

San. I am a dead man then—the condition is an impossibility. Experience convinces me that I havn’t a particle of heroism in my composition! I might have been married in Cuba to the daughter of a rich planter if I’d had but courage enough to put the question—but, no—I never could hammer out any thing in the shape of an amatory interrogatory; and my bellows always wanted wind when I wished to forge a red hot love lie. Yet money is a mighty stimulus on most occasions—and, as our old apothecary used to say, only gild the bolus of matrimony, and it’ll slip down like an olla podrida—aye, though the bride be as ugly as the widow of Estramadura.

Song—SANCHO.

Recitative.

There was an old widow lived some time ago in
Estramadura,
She fell very ill at the death of her first husband,
and thought nothing but a second could cure her!
But her phiz was so funny that though she’d plenty
of money, she stagger’d all who came to her;
Till a young cavalier, who at elbows was queer,
made his mind up to woo her.

Air.

So he ogled and sighed,
Till he made her his bride,
Though the neighbours declared he must hate her,
For she squinted and limp'd,
And her face brown and crimp'd,
Look'd much like an old nutmeg grater.
But thought he, wise enough,
I'm in want of the stuff,
And a beggar must not be a chooser ;
'Tis true that a glutton,
Might prefer lamb to mutton,
But there is too much mint sauce to refuse her.

Recitative.

But to silence the jokes and the jeers of the folks
he at full length her picture had painted !
Though at the first sight, of so horrid a sight, the
poor artist had nearly fainted.
Then sparing no cash, to the gilders slap-dash, it
was sent, and a fine frame put to it,
And the next time 'twas said, 'what the deuce made
you wed ?' he took them up stairs to view it.

Air.

The neighbours agree
"It's as like as can be,
"As old and as ugly as sin, sir!"
But they quickly exclaim,
"What a beautiful frame!"
"It atones for the picture within, sir!"
"Good friends, you are right,"
Said the cunning young wight,
"It was thus that I judged by the dame, sirs,
"Though ugly and old,
"She was rolling in gold,
"So I married my wife for the frame, sirs!"

[exit Sancho.]

SCENE IV.—Garden at Iztapalapan, on the borders of the Mexican Lake—The last halt of the Spaniards on their march to Mexico.

Enter CORTEZ, MARINA, ACACIX, and AMAZITLI.

Cor. Enough, enough, the brother of Marina hath nought to dread from Cortez. What tidings from the emperor?

Aca. Even now, he prepares to meet you with the flower of the Mexican nobility, on the principal causeway leading to the city.

Cor. He shall not wait us long—bring forth the prisoners.

Enter VELASQUEZ DE LEON, and DIEGO DE ORDAZ in chains, and guarded.

Cor. Velasquez de Leon and Diego de Ordaz, you have abused the confidence placed in you by your friend and leader; you would have induced the brave soldiers under your command to abandon their standards—renounce the fortune and fame which promised to reward their constancy and courage, and plant their weapons in the breast of their general—the representative of their king! An ignominious death would have been a poor atonement for the failure of such an enterprize, nor could your bloods have washed away the foul blot which must have stained for ever the chivalry of Castile. The moment has arrived for sentence to be passed upon you—Thus I pronounce it, (*to guards*) remove their chains! the life of Cortez was only valuable while upon his preservation depended that of 500 Spaniards. Their perils are past, their triumph approaches. Be it your punishment to share that glory which you have not earned, and of which your folly so nearly deprived your countrymen.

Diego and Velas. Noble Cortez!

Cor. No words—this is not mercy—To gallant men, and such, by heaven, I think you—death were a lighter doom.

Mar. See—see—my brother comes.

Enter Sandoval and Spaniards, with Teluxo prisoner.

Cor. Teluxo, you are free. I come to break bonds, not impose them. Return to Mexico, and tell your sovereign that the arms of the Spaniards, like the lightnings of heaven, hurt only where they meet resistance; and that their hearts are always more ready to obey the dictates of humanity than the incitements of revenge.

Tel. Revenge is for the injured; what wrong has Cortez to revenge? I fought for my country, and would again—had I a country left me to defend! The gods have otherwise decreed it—sister, farewell!

Mar. But we shall meet again?

Tel. If, as our priests declare, there be a world beyond the grave, I trust we shall—but upon earth, no more! Teluxo will not remain to witness woes he has no power to redress! Spaniard, you have given me life and liberty, but you have robbed me of what I valued dearer—glory, and the heart of my sister! 'Tis well—I owe thee nothing! [exit Teluxo.

Mar. Brother!

Cor. Sweet Marina! let Cortez' love console thee, a brighter day shall dawn for thee to-morrow, and our union be the happy type and seal of that between the worlds which gave us birth.

[music without.]

Aca. The emperor advances.

Cor. Haste we to meet him! [exeunt Cortez, Sandoval, Acacix, and Spaniards.

Ama. (to *Marina*.) Nay, cheer thee—cheer thee, gentle lady.

Duet.—MARINA and AMAZITLI.

Must there for ever in life's chalice be
Some bitter drop to dash the draught which pleasure
brings,

Must it be with our blisses as the tree
Which ever loses one branch as another springs.

Then let us hold the dearer,
 The flowers we find so few,
 And think our sunshine clearer
 For the cloud it struggles through!

[*exeunt Marina and Amazitli.*

SCENE V.—*The principal causeway, and city of Mexico.*

Grand march. Enter, as from the city, Mexican girls, strewing flowers. Priests of Mexico burning incense. Nobles of Mexico in rich dresses, two and two. Warriors bearing standards, ensigns, &c. ; amongst which are distinguished the arms of Montezuma—a griffin, with a tiger in its talons ; and the standard of Mexico, a net of gold upon the point of a spear, surmounted by a rich plume of variegated feathers, three lords bearing golden wands. The emperor Montezuma, leaning on two tributary kings, and walking under a canopy of green feathers ornamented with gold, and supported by four nobles. The procession is closed by warriors, inhabitants of Mexico, &c. From the opposite enter Spaniards and Tlascalans, with banners and ensigns; ACACIX, AMAZITLI, and, lastly, MARINA, CORTEZ, and the whole of his officers on horseback.

Mon. Brave general, and you his companions, I call all Mexico to witness the pleasure I receive from your safe arrival at this court ; and if, hitherto, there has been any appearance of a wish to oppose it, be assured that it has only proceeded from the mistaken zeal of my vassals and subjects. Abandoning, therefore, all false conceptions occasioned to either of us, by unjust representations, I accept the embassy of the king who sends you, and lay my empire at his feet. Since, from the signs we have observed in the heavens, and what we have seen of you, the period seems to have arrived when the predictions of our ancestors are to be fulfilled—namely, that there should come from the earth, men different in person and in habit from ourselves, to rule over this country.

Cor. Accept, great sir, the thanks of my sovereign, for the favourable reception you have been

pleased to grant his ambassador. He desires to be your friend and confederate, not by virtue of those ancient rights to which you have alluded, nor for any other reason than to open a communication between the two monarchies, and join in lasting amity their respective rulers. Soldiers! Castilians! friends! let one joy reign in all bosoms, and celebrate this glorious and happy union of the Old and New Worlds.

FINALE.

ACACIX, AMAZITLI, MARINA, Mexicans, and Tlascalans.

From where the sun rises across the wide main,
Fate sends us a hero of matchless renown,

The track of whose glory will brilliant remain
Till the orb he has follow'd for ever goes down !

SANDOVAL, ALVARADO, CHRISTOVAL, FRANCISCO, ANTONIO, and Spaniards.

From where the sun rises across the wide main,
We've followed a hero of matchless renown ;
We share in his glory, we share in his gain ;
And will follow him, still boys, to where it goes
down !

THE END.



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